

Fun and Entertainment for Our Boys and Girls

THE T. D. C. C. GROWING AT A VERY RAPID RATE.

Learn The Words of America.

Next Saturday will be the Fourth of July, so the editor of the Children's Page recommends the members of the T. D. C. C. to refresh their knowledge of the national hymn, beginning:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the glorious brave,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

It has been recently told that on shipboard just before landing the companions of the voyage closed a concert by singing national airs. A large company was present, but not one of the English or Canadian members of it halted for a moment over the words of "God Save the King," and the grand air pealed forth as in one breath from every loyal subject of King Edward.

On the contrary, when it came turn for the Americans to uplift their voices in America, because a book with the words could not be found, only a verse was given.

The editor hopes that when the T. D. C. C. may be called an entirely different response will be forthcoming.

The New King of Servia.

Perhaps the boys and girls of the T. D. C. C. who have heard about the recent assassination of King Alexander, Queen Draga and their supporters in Servia, would like to know something of the life and character of King Peter Karageorgevitch, or, as Americans would call him, George, the son of Peter, nicknamed Kara, or Black George, because of his swarthy complexion.

George Petrovitch has been proclaimed King by the Servian army and has just assumed the Servian throne, for some years prior to the recent Servian tragedy he lived quietly at Geneva, Switzerland, with his two sons and his daughter, associating with the people very freely and treating himself as a private citizen, and all private and public transactions.

About one hundred and two years ago his grandfather, Black George, the swarthy, put himself at the head of an army of peasants, drove the Turks, who had possessed Servia since the Middle Ages, out of the country, and was made king. Although he was uneducated and was not able to sign his name, he was a brave man, yet he did much for Servia, establishing a university at Belgrade, public schools all over the country, reducing taxation and organizing courts of justice.

But Black George, like many another man, was ahead of his time and his people, who were not ready for such advanced methods and so much progress. So after nine years of trying to bring improvement on his part he gave up the effort and left the country in disgust.

Then the Turks came back, and Miles Obren, a peasant and the son of a noble, who had been put in authority by Black George, was made Governor. Shortly afterwards he induced Karageorge to return to Belgrade, and had him treacherously killed in the street by a party of his own kind. Thus began the feud between the Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch families, which has convulsed the Servian nation for a century and a half. It was the death of Obrenovitch in the person of the dull-witted King Alexander.

George Petrovitch says that he has accepted the Servian throne for the sake of his son, Prince George, who is now attending school in St. Petersburg. The present king is considered by his marriage to a member of the royal family of Montenegro. His wife, the daughter of the house, is a sister of Queen Helena, of Italy.

A Kind-Hearted Little Girl.

Richmond, Va., June 18th.

Editor of Children's Page:

I should like to join the T. D. C. C. Enclosed you will find a little story, which I hope you will consider good enough to publish.

A KIND-HEARTED LITTLE GIRL.

One bright, sunny day in the month of June I sat at my desk, writing a letter to my mother. I was sitting at my desk, while a crowd of happy children played around her house and two ragged little girls watched them.

Just then a boy shouted: "Hello, kids! What's your business around rich folks' homes, such as little Marguerite's?" Marguerite sat peering out of the window and caught the words. She was very kind-hearted and would not have called the two children in and entertained them by letting them play with her dolls.

When Marguerite's parent came home she told them that she had a little girl for such her visitors were. Mr. and Mrs. Gray were much pleased that their little daughter showed herself so truly amiable and kind-hearted.

ESTHER WEINSTEIN,
No. 16 East Clay Street.

The Dog and the Cat.

Chase City, Va.

The Times-Dispatch Contributor's Club:

Enclosed find a story entitled, "The Dog and the Cat." I am ten years old, and wrote it myself without any help from any one, and hope it will please you. Please send me a badge.

Yours truly,
M. PAGE PENTUS.

There was once a dog whose name was Kate. Her master had a little sister, her name was Sue, and she had a kitten named Rose, and she had a kitten named Kate. They were always fighting each other. One day they got to fighting, Rose would leap up on Kate's back and bite and tear her. Then Kate would get her off her back by laying down and rolling over. Then she would jump on Rose and bite her until both ran off covered with blood.

One Rose had some kittens and Kate had some puppies at the same time. So when Rose saw the puppies she went and hid her kittens. Kate saw her hide them. She went and hid her puppies. So she had come to kill the puppies, and saw her hide them. So when Kate went away she killed them and went away and caught a big rat and went to feed the kittens. She found that the rat had been eaten and was gone away, so they had another fight, which resulted as the one I have just spoken of. The next day they had another fight, in which Rose was killed. The dog got drowned in a sea of water.

So this is the end of my story. Good-bye. I hope you will like it.

The Little German Girls.

Lanesville, Va., June 23.

Editor Children's Page, Times-Dispatch:

Enclosed you will find a story about the first of the year from New York.

ESTHER LOVELEACE NEALE.

The Little German Girls.

Last week I went to see two little girls that came to King William county, Va., the first of the year from New York.

The Little German Girls.

Jimmie, ain't youse got 'n' plorid woid jee?"

"G'waa yooes. On dis patriotic celebration wimmin has gotter go 'way back an set down."

Mary's Little Lamb.

Of course, you all remember about the dear little school girl, whose mother was not well, and she had a little lamb, and she had the little white, woolly lamb that seemed to insist on going everywhere Mary close to go.

And how one day, when the lamb wandered into the village school and raised such a fuss that there was pretty sure to be a vacation if things continued, the school-master arrived with a bus-hill bag and gently requested his visitor to "Shoo!"

But you never heard what that lamb said to himself as he went limping down the road, nursing the spot where the bat had bit him. It was something like this:

"You just wait, you mean old thing. I shan't always be such a little, helpless thing. I have my horns, and you know some day, and I shall be a fine ram and can bat with my head. Then I'll watch for you and get even. You might have let me stay in your school, I wasn't hurting you, nor anything else, either. You'll see."

Is a Discerning Girl.

Editor Children's Page:

I beg to enclose you an "Acrostic" for your club, and will thank you to send me a badge at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,
MYRTLE GUILLEY,
No. 309 North Ninth Street.

AN ACROSTIC.

My first is in take,
But not in lake;
My second is in hot,
But not in pot;
My third is in eye,
But not in nuy;
My fourth is in tell,
But not in fell;
My fifth is in time,
But not in rhyme;
My sixth is in man,
But not in can;
My seventh is in teach,
But not in reach;
My eighth is in she,
But not in he;
My ninth is in dye,
But not in nuy;
My tenth is in inch,
But not in lynch;
My eleventh is in display,
But not in array;
My twelfth is in patch,
But not in catch;
My thirteenth is in admire,
But not in good-bye;
My fourteenth is in tie,
But not in nuy;
My fifteenth is in call,
But not in fall;
My sixteenth is in hear,
But not in air.

My whole is in the name of Virginia's greatest morning daily.

SHE LIKES HER BADGE AND SENDS CAT STORY.

Coman's Well, Va., June 18, 1903.

Editor of Children's Page, Times-Dispatch:

I thank you for the badge and answering my questions. I enclose a story entitled "Our Cats." I want to ask a question: I have a right pretty drawing on pencil paper, but I don't know whether you will take it or not, even if it is a drawing of a cat.

Times-Dispatch column answer in The

OUR CATS.

We have a whole family of cats, and I propose to tell their family history. An old family servant of my grandmother had a gray and white cat, who was the mother of three kittens. Two of the kittens were black and one was gray and white. One died, but the others thrived. The black kitten was my cat. She continued to get bigger until she was grown. The gray and white cat belonged to my sister, Lulu. He was the prettiest fellow I ever saw. On Sunday my cat disappeared. He stayed away until the next Sunday, when about dusk he came whining. I lifted up my old "Smooty Eye," that was his name, and he was as light as a feather. Mamma gave him some bread right away. When I took him up I found that his fore feet were pinched. My father said they were dead, and that he had been caught in a steel-trap. He walked around a while and his feet became hard and he sounded like he had boots on. He was taken sick and died not long after he came home.

The name of Lulu's cat was "Dooks." When she was grown, she had a kitten, which we named "Bumpstittskish," abbreviated to "Bumpstitt." By and by she had three other kittens. Two were gray and white and one was grayish-black. The gray and white one was named "Alphonse" and "Gaston." We gave away the gray one, which we kept, answers to the call of "Dooks."

EVA T. EPPES.

A Riddle.

Richmond, Va., June 21, 1903.

Dear Editor: Enclosed find a riddle the answer will be in next Sunday's paper.

A—I am a simple word of two letters;

The Dog and the Cat.

Chase City, Va.

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One Rose had some kittens and Kate had some puppies at the same time. So when Rose saw the puppies she went and hid her kittens. Kate saw her hide them. She went and hid her puppies. So she had come to kill the puppies, and saw her hide them. So when Kate went away she killed them and went away and caught a big rat and went to feed the kittens. She found that the rat had been eaten and was gone away, so they had another fight, which resulted as the one I have just spoken of. The next day they had another fight, in which Rose was killed. The dog got drowned in a sea of water.

So this is the end of my story. Good-bye. I hope you will like it.

Animal Stories for Boys and Girls.

Mary's Little Lamb.

And, of course, as the days went by, Mary's little lamb became Mary's power-loom. The whole flock was proud of him. They made him the bell-wether and all the little lambs followed him just plain Mary, and who had the little white, woolly lamb that seemed to insist on going everywhere Mary close to go.

Each day the school-master would walk down the road, carrying his lunch box, and each day Mary would follow him to the little lambs. "See him! he's the fellow I told you all about. Mean as dirt," he cried the school-master, "but he's just a little minute only. My! but wouldn't it fix him," and the ram would dance about and duck his head.

"Then, one day the school-master was collecting flowers for the botany class, and spied some irick growing at the edge of the woods. He went to the woods and began to pick the purple flowers. Mary's ram saw him. "Watch me!" he cried, the little lambkins, putting his head between his feet, he started toward the master with an automobile speed. "Bang!" they came together, over the fence went the master and into the pond he went head first. The lambkin danced with glee.

The master roared dripping and scared, and he said to himself, "Good morning."

Can't Have Your Cake and Eat It, Too.

Have you heard about little Bruin and how he saved the honey? No? Well, I guess that is because it only happened the other day. Bruin has come slowly from the backwoods.

His grandfather promised him that if he were a good boy and kept his paw clean for a week he should go with him to gather honey, and that if he helped him he should have a jar of it all for himself.

Bruin was, of course, a model bear, and he went to work. He went into the woods with grandpa bear to get the honey which the bees had put in the hollow trees. Little Bruin worked well and he and grandpa filled up several jars with the sweet syrup, and one of these was given to our little bear. He was toward Bearville, he hugged the precious jar to his little stomach and thought what he would do with it. "I'll give some of it to Tiny and some to Jim and some to Southpaw and some to Mother," he said, looking into the jar. It looked so good that he took a lick with his tongue. "I guess I'll sell half of it and buy firecrackers." Then he took another lick.

"My! it's nearly half gone," he thought,

INTO THE POND HE WENT HEAD FIRST.

The road, nursing the spot where the bat had bit him. It was something like this:

"You just wait, you mean old thing. I shan't always be such a little, helpless thing. I have my horns, and you know some day, and I shall be a fine ram and can bat with my head. Then I'll watch for you and get even. You might have let me stay in your school, I wasn't hurting you, nor anything else, either. You'll see."

A CONTINUED STORY BY A CLEVER GIRL.

Editor of the Children's Page:

Herewith find enclosed a story of my own composition, which I hope will be worthy of a place in the Children's Page of the Times-Dispatch. I am fourteen years of age.

Very truly yours,
ESTHELLE FITCHETT,
Waverley, Va., June 18th.

DREAM-TIDE.

Far away on the banks of the beautiful Mississippi there lived a poor planter. There had been an immense rainfall during the spring with which we begin our story, and Mr. and Mrs. Fitchett were very busy. The river would overflow its banks, but they felt sure that they would have sufficient warning to get ready to pick berries. So they went peacefully on with their affairs of field and home.

One morning when Mr. Carson was away in the fields at work, far from the house, and Mrs. Carson was attending to her household duties with Maurice asleep in his cradle, the heart of the lady was suddenly seized by a dread calamity which upon them—the levee had broken—for the first time in many years. The water rushed in and the water was still rushing with waves dashing and breaking as on they came, nearer and nearer.

She saved her some tea and cakes and other nice things for the table. The dolls were invited to come in and were arranged around the table while Mary and Annie served to them the good things and they had a delightful time. After playing for some time Annie's mamma called her to water the flowers and Mary said, "that it was time for her to go away because her mamma said she must not stay late. So they told each other good-bye, each hoping that they would again have another such pleasant evening."

HATTIE ADAMS.

CLEVER LITTLE STORY ON A DOLL'S PARTY.

Spring Garden, Va., June 18, 1903.

Dear Editor, I love so much to read the stories and letters in the T. D. C. Column. I have not yet heard from any little girl in this part of the State, so I will send you a little story. I hope you will think it will be nice enough to publish and will send me a badge. I will wear it with a good deal of pride.

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One bright beautiful afternoon Mary went to see Annie, one of her playmates, and carried her dolls with her. Annie was very much pleased when she found that Mary had brought her dolls. Annie's favorite doll was named Virginia, and Mary's was named Inez. Then Mary and Annie began to play and they decided to give their dolls a party. Annie brought out all of her tea, things and set her table very nicely. Then the little girls went in the garden and gathered some delicious strawberries and Annie's mamma gave her some tea and cakes and other nice things for the table. The dolls were invited to come in and were arranged around the table while Mary and Annie served to them the good things and they had a delightful time. After playing for some time Annie's mamma called her to water the flowers and Mary said, "that it was time for her to go away because her mamma said she must not stay late. So they told each other good-bye, each hoping that they would again have another such pleasant evening."

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Mr. Raymond seemed much affected by this extraordinary dream. "I will now tell you a story, which I had thought to keep from you. First, let me tell that I am not your father. I do not know anything of your parentage.

"What, you not my father?"

"No, but you are a debt to me as if I were. I was rescued you from the Mississippi in one of its annual overflows, and the very worst I ever saw. I happened to be on the bank, and some friends at the time, who lived in that river section, and a small company of us had gone out one day to view the submerged country. We were standing as near the turbulent water as we dared, when sudden we were blown and upon the high ground, containing a lovely baby. I determined to save the great beautiful child. It was you, peacefully sleeping as though upon a mother's bosom.

"I had one sister, who eloped with and married a man with one eye. My mother did not long survive the sorrow of this terrible blow, and she was stricken down with grief and soon followed mother. Thus, at the age of eighteen, my father's estate being engulfed in a heavy bank failure, which occurred just about the time that you were rescued, I was left alone in the world. A rich old uncle, my mother's brother, whom I never saw, had left me a considerable fortune, which before my birth had gone to his name, which I did. After some years of fruitless endeavor to find my sister, I gave up all hope of so doing, and at that point you came into my life.

"Dear father, I do not know how I was rescued in me before, that I might have shared in your sorrow," said Henry.

"But you were so happy, and had to close your bright young life. In this dream I recognized a Providence. I wish the matter traced as far as possible at

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HATTIE ADAMS.

CLEVER LITTLE STORY ON A DOLL'S PARTY.

Spring Garden, Va., June 18, 1903.

Dear Editor, I love so much to read the stories and letters in the T. D. C. Column. I have not yet heard from any little girl in this part of the State, so I will send you a little story. I hope you will think it will be nice enough to publish and will send me a badge. I will wear it with a good deal of pride.

THE DOLL'S PARTY.

One bright beautiful afternoon Mary went to see Annie, one of her playmates, and carried her dolls with her. Annie was very much pleased when she found that Mary had brought her dolls. Annie's favorite doll was named Virginia, and Mary's was named Inez. Then Mary and Annie began to play and they decided to give their dolls a party. Annie brought out all of her tea, things and set her table very nicely. Then the little girls went in the garden and gathered some delicious strawberries and Annie's mamma gave her some tea and cakes and other nice things for the table. The dolls were invited to come in and were arranged around the table while Mary and Annie served to them the good things and they had a delightful time. After playing for some time Annie's mamma called her to water the flowers and Mary said, "that it was time for her to go away because her mamma said she must not stay late. So they told each other good-bye, each hoping that they would again have another such pleasant evening."

HATTIE ADAMS.

Of George Gordon Noel.

On the 19th of April, last year and regularly for many years before, on the 19th of April, this and the years to come, there appeared and will appear in the "In Memoriam" notices in the London Times, the following:

George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi, April 18, 1824.

"When love, who sent, forgot to save The young, the beautiful, the brave,"—"The Bride of Abydos."

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his death, said: "It is as if the sun had gone out."—The Book Lover.

Mr. Raymond seemed much affected by this extraordinary dream. "I will now tell you a story, which I had thought to keep from you. First, let me tell that I am not your father. I do not know anything of your parentage.

"What, you not my father?"

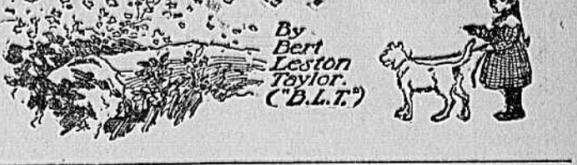
"No, but you are a debt to me as if I were. I was rescued you from the Mississippi in one of its annual overflows, and the very worst I ever saw. I happened to be on the bank, and some friends at the time, who lived in that river section, and a small company of us had gone out one day to view the submerged country. We were standing as near the turbulent water as we dared, when sudden we were blown and upon the high ground, containing a lovely baby. I determined to save the great beautiful child. It was you, peacefully sleeping as though upon a mother's bosom.

"I had one sister, who eloped with and married a man with one eye. My mother did not long survive the sorrow of this terrible blow, and she was stricken down with grief and soon followed mother. Thus, at the age of eighteen, my father's estate being engulfed in a heavy bank failure, which occurred just about the time that you were rescued, I was left alone in the world. A rich old uncle, my mother's brother, whom I never saw, had left me a considerable fortune, which before my birth had gone to his name, which I did. After some years of fruitless endeavor to find my sister, I gave up all hope of so doing, and at that point you came into my life.

"Dear father, I do not know how I was rescued in me before, that I might have shared in your sorrow," said Henry.

"But you were so happy, and had to close your bright young life. In this dream I recognized a Providence. I wish the matter traced as far as possible at

The Well in the Wood



CHAPTER XI.
A LONG DISPUTE ENDED.

It was a queer company, and it sat at a queer table. This table was long and narrow, and the dishes were placed all on one side. Steps led up to the other side for the waiters to ascend; for not one of the cooks was tall enough, even when he stood on tiptoes, to reach the top of the table from the floor.

The Great Huge Bear sat in the middle, with Bুদ্ধe on his right hand and the Donkey on his left; and, in order to "keep peace in the family," as the saying is, Doctor Fox had been seated at one end of the table and Doctor Goose at the other. But, as we shall see, this arrangement did not keep them apart very long.

It was a strictly vegetarian dinner, and no two guests, except the Bears, had the same thing to eat. The Bears, of course, had porridge. There was a big bowl of it for the Great Huge Bear, a middle-sized bowl for the Middle Bear, and a wee bowl for the Little Small Wee Bear. "And I suppose," thought Bুদ্ধe, "the Great Hooze Bear's porridge would be too hot for me, and the Middle Bear's too cold, and the Little Small Wee Bear's just right. Goodness!" She had suddenly discovered that her plate was empty.

"I didn't know what you liked," said the Great Huge Bear; "so I thought I'd let you order."

"Bুদ্ধe was much embarrassed. For one thing, everybody stopped talking and watched her curiously; and, for another, she hadn't the least idea what to ask for, except porridge, and she didn't like that very well."

"Order anything you like," said the Great Huge Bear.

"Some porridge, please," Bুদ্ধe said at last. "Porridge would be better than nothing."

"Yes, sir!" replied the Oldest Coon, running up on the table.

"A bowl of porridge for just Bুদ্ধe," said the Oldest Coon.

"Anything else?" inquired the Great Huge Bear, anxiously.

"Have you any meat and potatoes?" Bুদ্ধe asked the Oldest Coon, who again shook his head.

"We've neither have no meat and 'taters," he said.

"Well, what have you got?" asked Bুদ্ধe. The Great Huge Bear meant well, no doubt, but evidently his pantry was not stocked with things little girls like.

"Honey and blueberries!" suggested Sam.

"Goodie!" said Bুদ্ধe, and the Oldest Coon fetched a big dishful. And you may be sure that Bুদ্ধe was very glad for bears are great judges of honey and blueberries.

When every one had finished dinner, the Donkey rapped on the table and announced that, by request, he wished to make a short speech.

"Hear! hear!" shrieked the Loon, and Bুদ্ধe, who sat next to him, jumped.

"Birds and quadrupeds," began the Donkey, "this wasn't, exactly, a party for ladies and gentlemen, but it did very well. I propose a toast in honor of the charming young person whose birthday we have gathered to celebrate, the Little Small Wee Bear."

"Hear! hear!" shrieked the Loon, and Bুদ্ধe jumped again.

"We can't hear if you don't keep quiet," she said, sharply.

"May she have many happy returns of this happy, happy day," ventured the Oldest Coon, who, the trouble she must give, had been few and far between.

This speech was received with loud cheering, which ended in a dispute between the rival doctors.

"Grin and bear it," Doctor Goose shouted down the table.

"Bear and grin!" Doctor Fox shouted back.

"I leave it to my learned friend," said Doctor Goose, appealing to the Donkey.

"Who shall decide when the doctors disagree?" said the Donkey, wagging his head.

"Suppose you decide!" cried both the doctors, in a breath.

"Hear! hear!" shrieked the excited Loon, and everybody leaned forward to watch the Donkey.

He seemed to feel the importance of his position. He put on a very thoughtful look, pursed out his lips, and wrinkled his forehead. "I have a little idea," he said, "that a donkey could look so wise."

"It seems to me," he said at last, "that the question, which came first, the bear or the grin? In every such case, it is the bear or the grin? Which came first, the bear or the grin?"

"That's it! Which did?" cried the doctors.

"That!" replied the Donkey, "the doctors to be answered off hand. No question in metaphysics can be. Truth, as you know, lies at the bottom of a well; and the deeper the question, the deeper the well. Such simple problems as why a rabbit waddles his nose, or why his hair does not grow, or why a fly rubs his forelegs together, lie on the surface of the Well of Truth, and may be skinned off; but problems like the one we are now considering lie deep down, and a long rope and a big bucket are needed to fetch up

"BETTER LET ME CARRY THAT JAR."

They reached home it was all gone. "I'm not carrying that honey," said he. "You have it," said his grandpa, "but it's in the wrong place, that's all." "Yes," said Mother Bear; "can't have your cake and eat it, too." "Wonder what she meant. Do you know?"

once. Who knows what the result may be?" (Continued Next Week.)

TWELVE YEAR BOY TELLS ABOUT FAITHFUL PONY.

Chase City, June 22, 1903.

Editor Children's Page:

Enclosed find a story entitled "A Faithful Pony." I hope it will please you enough to publish it. I am a boy twelve years old. I wrote myself without any help from anyone.

Once there was a Shetland pony and his name was Rab. His master's name was John. John loved his pony very much and used to ride him out in the woods. Rab loved John very much too. One day John took a ride out in the woods to pick berries. John rode a good little ways up in the woods, and started to picking berries. It was not a good place for berries, so he decided to go up farther. His mother had told him not to go any farther than two miles. John was already two miles from his home then; but he said to himself:

"John got on Rab with his basket and went up about a half a mile; got off of Rab and began to pick berries. They were plentiful here, and after he had picked his basket nearly full, he decided to go up a little farther to hunt for some flowers. Not thinking how far he was going, he kept on, twisted around too much, and after an hour and a half riding, he found himself way down in a deep valley.

He began to get scared and wished he had not come; he tried once more, but found himself deeper in